



Knives to grind, Razors or Scissars
to grind?

O Thou, whate'er thy name
abodes,
Who grind'st the Knives of
all the Gods,
Smooth let my Verses flow
rather,
Like thine own Razor-Strap
leather;
Sharp be their edge, a
sharpest knife,
That in these moral pages to
I may descry, and closely
truth,
And be the Whetstone to
youth.